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artificial and sadly overwrought. He makes Terborch look dull and hard, and Metsu trivial. Above all, his wonderful surfaces, so smooth and yet so soft, so jewel-like and yet so clearly *painted*, in the artist's closest sense of the term, put theirs to shame. For a little lesson in the difference between the masterly manipulation of pigment and the humdrum management of the same problem, compare the treatment of the blue skirt in the Marquand Vermeer with that of the red dress worn by the last figure on the right in Mr. Borden's De Hoogh, "The Music Party." It is an instance of the crushing triumph of genius over talent. One comes back, too, in noting this contrast, to the ever-absorbing question of the relation of spirit to substance. Hals, painting humanity with gusto, still cannot mold it to quite the moving forms that lie within the reach of the more creative Rembrandt. De Hoogh and his compeers use the same models that answered for Vermeer. They trust, as he did, to the life about them, but they lack his last subtle *flair*, his inalienable sense of beauty. So it is with Jan Steen, that boisterously sympathetic limner of rustic manners, the ways of the barnyard and the tavern. It is impossible not to kindle to the spirit, the truth, and the skill in the pictures by him at the Museum. It would be absurd to undervalue their artless comedy, and in one example, the "Grace Before Meat," lent by Mr. Johnson, we are touchingly reminded that he, too, had his not ignoble moments. Nevertheless, you cannot find delight, a lasting sensation of beauty, in the Dutch Hogarth as you can find it in Vermeer.

GREAT DUTCH ARTISTS

BY BYRON P. STEPHENSON

FROM THE "EVENING POST," SEPTEMBER 20, 1909

IN any collection of paintings, even where the greatest of the Italian schools are to be seen, a Rembrandt must hold its own. But in an exhibition shared only by his Dutch contemporaries, although Franz Hals may be there

at his best, Rembrandt, by the transcendent strength of his genius, by his intellectual power, commands.

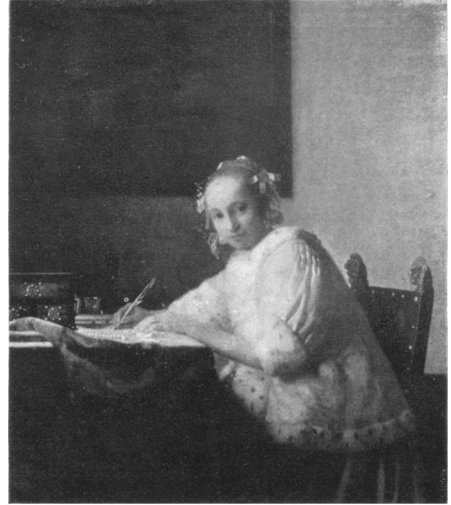
In the central hall, occupying the principal place, hangs the "Portrait of Himself" (Henry C. Frick's), which was painted in 1658. Here is individuality, here is breadth, here is profundity of ideas. Rembrandt succeeded better than any other painter at reaching the soul, but it may have been more often his own soul than that of his sitter which he reached, after he had fallen on evil days. Probably in "The Savant" (Mrs. Collis P. Huntington's), who touches a bust of Homer, the faraway expression of those sad eyes expressed more the feelings of the painter than of the man who was posing for him. But in the Frick picture, Rembrandt gives us his own soul in his own portrait; he gives us the tragedy of his own life. All his worldly goods had been taken away; his house had been sold, and at fifty-two years of age he was left to begin the world again. The blow is bitter, but the fires in the man are not yet extinguished, his energy has not relaxed, and three years later he paints the great "Six Syndics of the Cloth Hall," a *chef d'œuvre* in which he conquers fresh difficulties.

REMBRANDT IN HAPPIER DAYS

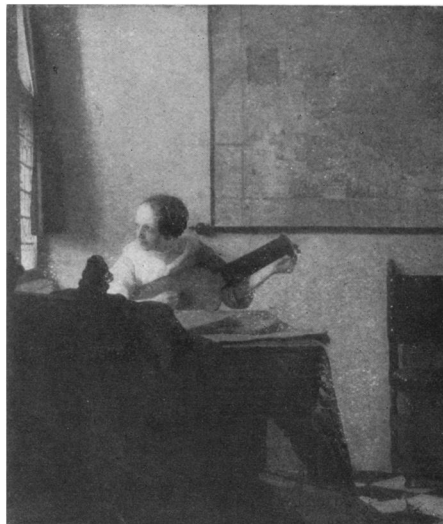
The happiest days of Rembrandt's life were the nine years (1633-42) from the date of his betrothal to Saskia van Ulenburgh to her death. Her portrait (P. A. B. Widener's), if not an altogether satisfactory picture, is full of the bright light and brilliant color of Rembrandt's joyous years. A charming portrait of himself (Herbert S. Terrell's), resembling much that in the National Gallery, and showing him in the happiest of moods, was painted six years after their marriage. To the same date belong the celebrated so-called "Gilder," or "Le Doreur" (Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer's), one of the most exquisitely finished of that highly finishing period of Rembrandt's painting career, and the "Portrait of an Old Woman" (Mrs. Havemeyer's), both wonderfully warm and golden in coloring. "The Gilder" was an artist named Dorner,



YOUNG WOMAN AT CASEMENT
BY JOHANNES VERMEER
PROPERTY OF THE MUSEUM



A LADY WRITING
BY JOHANNES VERMEER
LENT BY J. P. MORGAN



LADY WITH A LUTE
BY JOHANNES VERMEER
LENT BY MRS. C. P. HUNTINGTON



THE MUSIC LESSON
BY JOHANNES VERMEER
LENT BY MR. HENRY C. FRICK



LADY WITH A GUITAR
BY JOHANNES VERMEER
LENT BY MR. JOHN G. JOHNSON

FRANZ HALS'S PORTRAITS

and the probabilities are that a misprint, rather than the sunshine of his pictures, as tradition says, gained this portrait the name of "Le Doreur." The splendid "Noble Slav" (W. K. Vanderbilt's), with a deep shadow on the left of the turban and on the lower part of the figure, has that brilliant light playing out of and around the body that only a genius of the first order could dare. But Rembrandt was a god in his art, and he made nature as it suited him. Where he wished that it should be light there was light. "The Marquis D'Andelot" (Richard Mortimer's) belongs to Rembrandt's marriage year. It used to be known as a "Young Man Buckling on His Armor" until recently, when an old French poem, describing the picture, was discovered to reveal the identity of the sitter. The oldest Rembrandt in the collection is a small sketch of himself (J. Pierpont Morgan's), painted in 1628; the most recent, the "Portrait of a Man," 1667, belonging to the Museum.

Saskia is dead. The celebrated "Night-watch" is refused. Three years later Rembrandt paints the "Portrait of a Girl," lent by the Art Institute of Chicago. She is a peasant. The picture is gray in tone, the only bit of color, the necklace of red beads, and there is little of the light that Rembrandt used to love. Hendrickje Stoffels entered Rembrandt's service about the time the picture was painted. It is possible to trace some likeness between this peasant girl and the charming woman with the pearl earrings in the Louvre and the touching portrait of Hendrickje (Mrs. Huntington's) shown in this exhibition, which was painted in 1660, two years before she died, the faithful friend of Rembrandt in his adversity. "The Standard Bearer" (George J. Gould's) has a big reputation, but he is a sad-looking man for his occupation, and does not bear the mien that would make one think he could defend it. The only one of Rembrandt's biblical pictures in the exhibition is "The Finding of Moses" (John G. Johnson's), painted about 1635. It is a small canvas, into which Rembrandt has again poured that marvelous light of which he alone knew the origin.

One wonders what would have happened had Rembrandt been apprenticed to Franz Hals instead of to the Italian-tainted Lastman. Light would undoubtedly have remained Rembrandt's principal theme, but would he have poured some of it into his master? Hals is cold, often shiveringly so, but when one sees those two portraits of "Herr Bodolphe" and "Vrouw Bodolphe" (J. Pierpont Morgan's), one cannot wish him otherwise. A touch of warmth would have ruined the pictures of that God-fearing old couple in their black costumes—wonderful blacks they are—she with a white cap and ruff and holding a pair of white gloves in her right hand. Look at her thumb; see how the Bodolphes hold their gloves; limply as men and women do; not graspingly, as most painters make them do. And that old man with his big black hat and black cloak, and eyes keen and full of business in spite of his seventy-nine years; and she soured by too much austere religion gathered from the moment she entered her cradle seventy-two years ago. Morally, what a contrast is Balthasar Coymans (Mrs. Huntington's), the gay young blade with hat cocked aside, richly dressed and with the neatest of white linen, whose glassy eyes and nervous hands plainly tell that the fear of God is not in him. The rising generation of Dutchmen of the early part of the century have forgotten what their forebears went through for religion's sake. Hard by is a portrait of Isabella Coymans (P. A. B. Widener's). We know she is a Coymans, for in all the Coymans portraits the family coat of arms of three cows' heads appears in the background. Isabella Coymans is holding out a rose; she is not beautiful, but she is fascinating with her Monna-Lisa-like smile. She is painted rather flatly, but she lives. There is more color in the "Boy Playing a Flute" (E. D. Libbey's), and Hals, with those bold brush strokes that never fail to strike exactly the spot they were intended to strike, makes his boy really blow into the flute, and the "Singing Boy" (Charles Stewart Smith's) is certainly singing.

One of the greatest heresies man can

commit is not to worship Cuyp. You may acknowledge the "golden haze," or "golden veil," and call Cuyp the "Dutch Claude," but there are "golden hazes," "golden veils," and Claudes in every country of the world. Still, there has never been more than one Claude Gellée, and when Turner placed himself in rivalry to Claude, he made a mistake—for as there was only one

ness of age. There is fine tone and color in the "Man Eating Mussels" (M. C. D. Borden's), but very little life in the figures. There is one landscape of Cuyp's exhibited, that is absolutely dead so far as tone is concerned. But where so much is good, so much is exquisitely beautiful, the grumbling of an anti-Cuypist may seem out of place.



PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF
BY REMBRANDT

LENT BY MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN

Claude there has never been another Turner.

One may admit that the best Cuyp landscape in the exhibition, that of Mr. Morgan, is full of "golden haze," and yet take exception to the well-outlined cattle whose muscles Cuyp has kneaded out of anything like nature. His poultry, if indeed he did paint the "Cocks and Hens" (John G. Johnson's), are positively lifeless, though they show good color, most of which seems to have been contributed by the mellow-

The public should understand that one visit to this collection will not satisfy an art-loving person's yearnings. It is an exhibition that calls for many visits and for much congratulation to this country that it should possess so many masterpieces of Dutch art.

In the portrait of "Michel de Wael" (Mr. Morgan's) the sureness of Franz Hals's brush stroke is strongly marked. It is as sure as that of Sorolla of modern times. There is a small painting of "Samuel Amp-

zing" (Sir William Van Horne's), given to preaching the gospel, judging from the book in his hand. Here one finds Frans Hals's strokes were quite as bold in miniature-sized pictures as in large paintings. There is another miniature portrait by Frans Hals of a man, which shows the same quality—the original, however, was a gay cavalier and not a preacher, and he reminds one of the "Gay Cavalier" in the Wallace collection. On each side of it hangs a small painting by Frans's brother, Dirk Hals, "Children With Cards" and "Girls With a Cat" (Mr. Morgan's), that are full of humor without being vulgar, as so often happens among the works of the "Little Dutchmen." The girl, who is shedding her first teeth, is as delightfully natural as she is plain.

VERMEER OF DELFT

Vermeer of Delft is one of the most sought-after Dutch painters of his time. It was Sir Joshua Reynolds who first rediscovered him in one painting, and then Vermeer seems to have disappeared from public ken. Until only a comparatively few years ago, he was again discovered by a French connoisseur. Hofstede de Groot has recognized fifty-three of his paintings. Other authorities do not acknowledge so many. Indeed, some recognize only thirty-two.

There are in the Metropolitan Exhibition five recognized Vermeers. One, however, owing to the chalkiness of the flesh tints, the coarseness of the brushwork, and the lack of brilliancy in the blues, would appear doubtful to the inexperienced.

"The Girl with Water Jug," a girl opening the casement of a window of leaded glass, was given to the Metropolitan Museum by Henry Marquand. It is seen to far better advantage where it hangs to-day than it was in its former place. As most of our readers must have seen this gem of Dutch genre, we will simply recall to their memories the buff bodice of the girl, the blue dress, and blue cloth, the reflection of blue in the glass jug, and the spirit of light that pervades this exquisite canvas. That same spirit of light has reached in the

same natural way the "Lady Writing" (Mr. Morgan's), but in the "Lady with Guitar" it appears to have been forced on to the lady by the black furniture in the foreground, and in the so-called "Music Lesson" to have reached in its natural state only the accessories on the table. Vermeer is supposed to have been a pupil of Rembrandt's, but the only one of Rembrandt's successors who has been positively proved to have worked in his studio is Nicholas Maes. Maes's "Old Woman" (John G. Johnson's), reading her Bible, and wearing a black hood, a red gown, and a miniver cape, is a grand piece of color, but the soul of Maes's master is not in it. We must for the present pass by Pieter de Hooch, Gerard Terborch, the Ostades, Paul Potter, and turn to Jan Steen, and after him, to the landscapists.

RUISDAEL, HOBBEA, AND CUYP

Waagen was considered in his day a great art critic, but how he managed to discover that Jan Steen was, next to Rembrandt, the greatest genius among the Dutch painters passeth understanding. De Groot allows Jan Steen 889 works. The majority of them must have been "pot-boilers," and those that were not surely do not place him within hem-touching neighborhood of Rembrandt. "The Merry-makers" (Mr. Widener's) is the best of the five shown at the Metropolitan Museum; the drawing is excellent, and the color is good, the pale-blue skirt and orange-spot petticoat of the tipsy woman in the foreground blending well with the browns and reds of the rest of the company; but in the "Dancing Couple" only the woman dangling her child is really worthy of admiration, and that group is excellent. As for "The Drained Cask," it is a "pot-boiler" for the dissipated, and the "Grace Before Meat," with the boy casting up his eyes to Heaven—Jan Steen used him so often—is another "pot-boiler"—for the "unco guid."

Jacob van Ruisdael does not fare very well at the exhibition, except for those who like his waterfall scenes, but there is a charming little landscape with a bridge that, but for the catalogue, we should have

dared call a Hobbema. The "Dunes Near Haarlem" also has its merits. Hobbema is grandly represented in the "Trevor Landscape" (Mr. Morgan's), more subtle than the "Holford Landscape," also owned by Mr. Morgan, which was painted four years before. There is a bluish-gray tone in the "Trevor Landscape" that touches the cottage and lurks among the trunks of the trees, which is to be found again in the

"Cottage Among the Trees" (Mr. Frick's). But it has been decreed from Berlin that Ruysdael having "modestly" put his soul into his landscapes, he must be accepted as greater than Hobbema. It is quite possible that Constable learned something from Hobbema which he handed on to the "1830 men," but, truth to tell, it is hard to see where the Barbizon school has improved on Hobbema.

CHARLES FOLLEN McKIM

CHARLES FOLLEN McKIM, a Trustee of the Museum since 1905, died on September 14th at St. James, Long Island. His firm were the architects of the more recent extensions of the Museum, and he has served the Museum as a member of its Committee on Sculpture, its Committee on Casts and Reproductions, the special committee on the exhibition of the works of his friend, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and in connection with the Lazarus Scholarship.

The following obituary notice was printed in the *Evening Post* of September 15th:

Charles Follen McKim was born in Chester County, Pa., on August 24, 1847. He was the son of James Miller and Sarah Speakman McKim, both prominent abolitionists, his father a Presbyterian clergyman, his mother a famous Quaker beauty. The elder Mr. McKim was for years resident publishing agent in Philadelphia of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and a founder of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The measure of their interest in the cause appears from their readiness to accompany Mrs. John Brown to Charlestown early in December, 1859, when she went to bid her husband farewell, and to bring back his body after his execution. At Harper's Ferry bullets whistled about them if they walked abroad.

The only son of this stanch couple, Charles F. McKim, early manifested such artistic

talent as to lead him to the Harvard Scientific School as a special student in 1866 and 1867. A natural draughtsman, using both hands in drawing with equal dexterity, he was able, in 1867, to gratify his ambition to attend the *École des Beaux Arts* in Paris. He spent the years from 1867 to 1870 in Dument's Atelier. He then supplemented his course in Paris by traveling through Europe for two years studying the various types of architecture as illustrated in buildings ancient and modern. Returning to this city in 1872, he entered the office of H. H. Richardson, then the foremost architect in this country. In this office was also William R. Mead. The two became at once warm friends, and from 1877 on they were associated in the practice of their profession. Two years later they were joined by the late Stanford White, and the familiar firm formed. The success of this association was early assured, and almost from its formation its members became dominating figures in their profession, and carried off the honors in one competition after another until the rush of work to them made them abandon all competitive undertakings.

The first important work of the firm in this city was the construction of the "Henry Villard block," which still stands on Madison Avenue, behind St. Patrick's Cathedral, in all its dignity and impressiveness and beauty. The Portland Hotel, in Portland, Ore., was another early and successful undertaking which has long demonstrated its